Tessellation: That Was a Misunderstanding

By: Suzume CA

In which Kazuto tries a new method to wear down Bachou's resistance, but Chou'un and Kan'u are having none of that, thank you very much. (OR: What happens when Game!Kazuto tries his tricks on Yamiberry!Koihime girls?) Rated M for adult situations, sexual content, yuri, and entirely too many euphemisms for male genitalia.

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Introduction
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by Rain Fletcher (SuzumeCA)

Prologue

Even on the best of days, Bachou was slow to awaken to the world. And this was *not* the best of days.

Or at least it was certainly not giving any early indication that it was going to be anything but miserable, given that the first two sensations to bring her out of the void of sleep were a piercing headache, and a soreness that she knew to be full-body, even though she could not feel any of her individual limbs yet.

She was no stranger to hangovers, of course, and she had awakened many times to the dull ache of too much battle or training, but this was on a whole different level. Obviously *something* had happened to her, but she could barely put two thoughts together, much less remember what it had been.

Small things first, then. She could tell that she was lying on her back on something familiar and soft, so at least she had probably made it back to bed after whatever it was that had happened. The dull glow from the other side of her eyelids, combined with the *insufferable racket* that the birds were making outside, indicated (or at least strongly hinted at) morning.

As greater awareness returned to her mind and body, she realized that the only part of her that was *not* aching was her right arm, so perhaps that would be a good place to start. Of course, any further investigation would mean opening her eyes, and this was an idea

she did *not* relish. After debating for a bit, she slowly cracked her right eyelid…

… and found her field of vision completely obscured by pale-blue hair.

Bachou immediately jammed her eye shut, feeling an abyss of panic opening beneath her.

She only knew one person whose hair was that distinct shade. Someone who should not, under *any* circumstances, have been… *there* .

And yet…

She opened both eyes this time and took a longer look to her right to see that yes indeed, Chou'un was there beside her. Actually, *beside her* was not truly adequate to describe their current position. Chou'un was lying on her side, with one arm across Bachou's waist and with both of her long, slender legs lightly wrapped around Bachou's right. Her face was half-pillowed against Bachou's right breast, and while she was not snoring, as such, Bachou could feel the other woman's wheezy breaths against her skin. They were both almost certainly naked, based on the *very* unique sensation against her thigh, and Bachou also realized that the reason her arm did not hurt was that Chou'un was lying on it, robbing it of any sensation at all.

For a few seconds, Bachou found herself mildly surprised to see Chou'un, of all people, in this position: she never seemed like the type who would tuck herself into someone else like this. Surely Chou'un would be the one doing the holding, and not the one being held?

Then again, Chou'un and Kan'u had been together for years, now, and if any woman could…

The panic came back in a rush as the only possible reason for their current position crashed through the remaining haze of semi-consciousness. *Oh no, oh no, oh no, I had sex with Sei?! Aisha's going to KILL me!*

Even though escape was almost certainly impossible at this point, it seemed far more likely than withstanding the vengeance of a scorned Goddess of War. She would just need to free her arm somehow, and then… well, she had a fast horse in the stable, and it would probably take Kan'u long enough to kill Chou'un that she'd be able to get a decent head start, and then…

A soft, barely-there sigh from her left brought her nascent escape plans to a halt, and Bachou froze as she realized, to her mounting dread, that someone else was in the bed with them.

Slowly, agonizingly, Bachou turned her head the other way and found herself looking into someone's collarbone. The shoulder attached to it was draped with long, lush black hair that could *also* only belong to one woman who *also* should not *under any circumstances* have been there.

And yet, as she craned her neck to look up, it was Kan'u's peaceful, sleeping face, and it was Kan'u who had Bachou's shoulder pinned between her breasts (which felt much nicer than Bachou had ever imagined, not that she had ever imagined it of course), and it was Kan'u's arm lazily thrown across her middle and holding Chou'un's in a light grasp…

Oh no, oh no, oh no, I had sex with Aisha?! Sei's going to KILL me!

Hang on…

Long moments passed as Bachou's eyes darted back and forth, taking in the impossibility of the sleeping forms to either side of her.

Okay, she thought to herself, *how in all the hells did THIS happen?*

Even as her brain frantically tried to reconcile her present situation with any memory at all that could have led to this outcome, Chou'un stirred and gracefully pushed herself to a seated position, then raised both arms above her head in a slow, languid stretch. Bachou felt two distinct rushes of blood: one to her right arm, finally freed, and the other to a place further south as her eyes took in the sight of the other woman. Distantly, she realized that even with all their years as friends and comrades, this was the first time she had ever seen Chou'un's breasts (or rather, given Sei's normal state of dress, the first time she had ever seen them in their entirety), and in spite of her lingering panic she felt her mouth beginning to water as the other woman settled gracefully from her stretch, blinking her violet eyes slowly.

Before she could even wonder where these sorts of thoughts were coming from, Bachou felt another motion to her left as Kan'u, apparently awakened by Chou'un slipping out of her grasp, likewise rose and stretched, giving a yawn that was entirely too cute for the woman who would no doubt be disemboweling her once she realized where she was. Unlike Chou'un, she had seen Kan'u in the bath once or twice over the years, so the sight of her was not completely foreign, but there was something about the context of this moment that gave Bachou a surge of… *something* beneath the terror that still had her frozen to the spot.

The narrow window for her escape had just slammed shut. Perhaps if she were to play dead..?

"Ah, Sui, you're awake," Chou'un said in a husky, just-awakened, flat-out *sensuous* voice that Kan'u probably got to hear every morning, damn her, and where did *that* thought come from?

"Oh, good," said Kan'u, sounding *relieved* for some reason, and now both of them were looking down at her, their expressions filled with…

… concern?

Bachou tried to speak, but managed nothing more than a small "… meep?"

"Is your mind clear, Sui?" Chou'un asked, her brow further creasing as she peered into Bachou's eyes.

Kan'u shook her head. "She still doesn't look right, Sei."

"No, but it's a different sort of wrong, I believe. Are you thirsty, Sui?"

"Is *that* the term you're going to use?" said Kan'u, looking over at the other woman with a hint of humor in her expression.

"For water," Chou'un said patiently, returning Kan'u's gaze. "Dehydration is a common aftereffect of what she's been through. I think she keeps a pitcher in the room; would you mind having a look?"

"Of course," Kan'u smiled, leaning over to give Chou'un a brief kiss before getting up from the bed.

Throughout this exchange, Bachou's mind continued to whirl. The fact that Kan'u and Chou'un had just kissed was a strong indicator that they were not going to murder one another for their obvious infidelity, and that could only be a good thing, right? Or were they saving their creative vengeance for the woman who had awakened between them?

Chou'un, meanwhile, turned to face her again. "Sui, I must ask your forgiveness in advance if this is unpleasantly forward of me." Then, without another word, she took Bachou's still pins-and-needles right hand and placed it to her chest.

Bachou had just enough time to register the softness beneath her fingers, the blush that colored Chou'un's face, and the tiny moan that the other woman was not quite able to suppress, before she snatched her hand away and pushed herself back as though trying to burrow into the pillows.

To her surprise, Chou'un looked relieved. "Ah, good," she nodded. "It seems you have returned to your senses after all."

" *What in all the hells was THAT for?!"* Bachou managed in a voice that was barely more than a squeak.

"Sei, was that really the best way to test her?" Kan'u sighed as she returned with a cup.

"Desperate times, Aisha," Chou'un nodded solemnly. "Now… Sui, do you know where you are?"

Bachou blinked a few times, then looked from one side to the other. "My room."

"Good. Now, do you know why Aisha and I are here?"

"No, and I'm not really sure I want to know, seeing as *all three of us are naked!* "

"You were right," Kan'u said softly. "She doesn't remember."

"Also a common aftereffect," Chou'un nodded again. "And perhaps for the best, to be honest."

"Okay, how about this?" Bachou growled, hoping that her tone would mask her fear. "How about you *stop* asking me questions, *stop* trying to… to… *reverse* grope me, *put* some damned clothes on, and *tell me what happened?* "

Kan'u passed her the cup of water, and Bachou drained it in one swig, only then realizing that she had been incredibly thirsty after all. "Very well, Sui," Aisha said, smiling hesitantly as she began picking bits of her clothing from the floor. "We'll tell you the whole story."

"Indeed," Chou'un agreed, retrieving her kimono from where it had been draped over a chair. "But I must ask you to hear the tale in its entirety before you act upon what you learn this morning."

"What's *that* supposed to mean?" Bachou asked.

"Your word, Sui," Chou'un insisted, her tone bereft of her customary humor.

Bachou stared her down for a moment, but Chou'un did not waver. "Fine," she relented. "But tell me everything."

To be continued…

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Okay, it's not the next chapter of Strange Fire. But it's been a year, and something needed to be done about that…